

Living Large by itsrichietozier

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There are no further quips as Eddie pulls Richie's hand towards himself, gently maneuvering it to flatten out against his stomach. Hidden behind the baggy polo Eddie is currently wearing, his stomach rounds out under Richie's palm, distended from breakfast.

1. Savoury

Author's Note:

I wrote this in like a couple hours because I absolutely love chubby Eddie. I'm sorry if there's any mistakes!

Edit: I went back to fix my mistakes and added some stuff to a couple of scenes. Enjoy!

"You want to try *what?*"

Eddie shushes him as if they were in the middle of a crowded subway instead of in the privacy of Richie's kitchen, cheeks flushing a deep pink.

Right smack dab in the middle of breakfast on a lazy Saturday morning in December, casual as anything, Eddie had broached the subject of maybe trying something a little different in the bedroom.

And Richie, ever the vanilla, promptly choked on his coffee.

"You?" he splutters as Eddie wordlessly handed over some napkins across the table so Richie could wipe up the coffee dribbling down his chin, "You, Edward J. Kaspbrak, want to try something different in the bedroom? Like—" He drops his voice down to a stage-whisper, leaning his elbows on the hard counter of the bar, "kinky stuff? Like chains and whips? Ball gags? Whatever the hell else is out there. *That* kinda stuff?"

Eddie has his face ducked into the old recipe book he'd brought to the table to flip through during breakfast, now using it as a buffer between them, teetering on the edge of Richie's cheap bar stool as if he's ready to bail straight out the front door.

"No. Nope. Never mind." Eddie's face couldn't be any rosier, flushing all the way up to his ears and down his neck. He makes to get off the stool and Richie drives across the bar to paw at Eddie's retreating hands.

“Come back, babe. We can talk about this. Babe. Seriously. What do you want?”

Eddie avoids Richie’s hands, heading towards the bedroom, posture stiff. Richie quickly rounds the bar, hurrying after him and whining his name. Thankfully, Eddie stops in the threshold of the hallway, allowing Richie to catch up to him. Richie doesn’t hesitate to pull Eddie into his arms, planting a kiss against his temple.

“I’m sorry,” Richie whispers into his hair. I promise to take this seriously.”

When Eddie pulls away, he levels Richie with a look, eyebrows pinched together, “Were you serious about wanting to know, Rich?” He sounds so self-conscious about the whole thing and it twists Richie’s guts up, regretting the way he’d responded. He puts on a big apologetic smile and noses into Eddie’s hair as he gathers him back in his arms, giving him a reassuring squeeze.

“Listen, I’m down to try anything once. Whatever you want.” And he would. He may not really be *into* anything specifically, but he’d be willing to try anything, just for Eddie.

“Okay,” Eddie exhales loudly, “Okay.” He’s back to not making eye contact, but he’s looking a lot less tense. He puts a hand on Richie’s lower back to nudge him towards the bedroom, “Come on, asshole.”

Richie wholeheartedly complies, wondering where exactly this is going.

Once the bedroom door is shut and the blinds drawn, Eddie gestures Richie over again. He catches Richie’s gaze and Richie gives him a gentle smile as he reaches out to brush his fingers through Eddie’s freshly gelled bangs. Eddie is quick to catch Richie’s wrist, a small smile finally gracing his face, dimples deepening.

“Dude, cut it out, you’re messing up my hair.” His smile is fond. “Now hurry up and give me your hand because I am like, two seconds away from losing my nerve again.”

“Aye aye, Captain Kaspbrak,” Richie puts on a terrible exaggeration a

pirate impression and holds out his hand for Eddie to take. Eddie rolls his eyes with a smile and holds Richie's hand.

There are no further quips as Eddie pulls Richie's hand towards himself, gently maneuvering it to flatten out against his stomach. Hidden behind the baggy polo Eddie is currently wearing, his stomach rounds out under Richie's palm, distended from breakfast. Other than that, Richie doesn't understand. When Eddie makes no other move, Richie looks up from Eddie's stomach to his face, confused.

The words rush out of Eddie's mouth, jumbled together as he tries to explain. "Okay- so I know this is going to sound weird- and please don't laugh- but after the divorce I might've gone a little overboard with trying all the shit that I couldn't have before. Like, I would look at something and go *if I want to eat that, I can, and no one is going to stop me!* And it became something *else*." He screws his eyes shut as his hand joins on top of Richie's where it's still placed on his stomach. Richie can feel his hand shaking.

"Hey, deep breaths." Richie interrupts, not wanting Eddie to work himself into a panic attack over this, "It's okay."

Eddie nods quickly, eyes still closed, and breaths in. He holds it for around seven seconds and then slowly lets it back out, gathering his bearings. When he opens his eyes again, Richie gives him an encouraging smile.

"It became something else," Eddie repeats, words slower. "I really don't know how to describe it, Rich. Like, it feels good to be full. And- and it feels even better when I eat more than I should. And *this*," Eddie presses down on Richie's hand, putting more pressure on his stomach, "feels *fucking amazing*."

Richie still doesn't quite understand. "So, you want me to...?"

Steam might as well be coming out of Eddie's ears for having to say it out loud, "I want *you* to feed *me*, Richie. Until I can't eat anymore."

"Oh." Richie finally gets it. "Oh."

Eddie swallows hard, eyebrows pinching together again, “Is that something you want to try? You can say no, I get it, Rich! It’s something completely out of left field-”

“Yeah- yeah, of course I want to try!” Richie reassures before Eddie can continue. “Listen, man, this is like, one of the least weird things you could’ve possibly said. You should see the shit my fans message me on Twitter.” Richie had been expecting so many other things. But this one, this was easy to understand. Hell, *he* of all people definitely understood the pleasure of eating.

He then gestures to his hand on Eddie’s stomach, giving it a pat for good measure, “Uh, do you mind if I...?”

“Go ahead, Richie,” Eddie breaths out. Richie adds his other hand to Eddie’s stomach and begins to rub, bunching the material of his polo underneath his palms. Eddie freezes up for a moment before he calms, cheeks darkening. With both hands exploring, Richie can feel just how big Eddie’s stomach actually is when it’s filled with food. He gives a few experimental pats and squeezes, gauging Eddie’s reactions. Eddie isn’t looking at him, instead watching Richie’s large hands as they explore his middle. By the look on his face, though, he seems to really enjoy it, mouth dropped open as his breaths become a bit heavier.

“Do you want to...” Richie offers, breaking the silence. Eddie jolts and his eyes snap up to him, looking like a deer stuck in headlights. He shakes his head and clears his throat, waving Richie off.

“No, uh- not today. Tomorrow? Soon- next weekend?” He’s all over the place. Richie just laughs as he lets go of Eddie’s stomach so he can tug him into another embrace, kissing his temple once more.

“Whenever you want, babe.”

Richie is going to have to do some googling later.

Two weeks later on a Friday Night, Richie decides to surprise Eddie with takeout. He’d had been looking up the more intimate details of

the kink ever since Eddie had first brought it up, wanting to do his research to make sure he didn't mess anything up. As it turns out, thankfully, it wasn't all that hard to understand. There was a lot more specifics that he'd had to ask Eddie in the secrecy of the bedroom, just to make sure he knew exactly what Eddie wanted, but he could tell that Eddie was grateful Richie was trying. He was still a bit nervous about the whole thing, but Richie was sure to always reassure him that everything was fine.

As soon as Richie hears the door unlock, he bolts to the foyer, nearly bumping into a recently bought table that holds way too many knick knacks on it, meeting Eddie just as he steps into the apartment, shaking snow out of his hair and off his coat.

The reaction is immediate as Eddie takes in the blend of scents, features smoothing out from the frown he'd worn just seconds ago; must've been a rough day at work. If Richie has anything to say about it, he's going to make Eddie feel good and forgot about all the shitty stuff, and that's a *promise*.

"It smells good in here," Eddie says, eyes searching Richie's as Richie helps him out of his coat.

"I swung by that place you really like," Richie shrugs as he neatly hangs up Eddie's coat. "The one with the popcorn shrimp." He hovers his thumb and forefinger together to indicate the size. "When you nearly ate the entire platter and barely left me any." He gives an exaggerated pout and Eddie playfully swats his shoulder with a smile before sitting down on the foyer bench to untie his boots.

Eddie huffs out a strained laugh, cheeks colouring, "It was the first time I tried anything with seafood. Thank *God* I wasn't actually allergic to it, dude, I've been missing out."

Richie kneels down beside him, ready to put Eddie's shoes away. Once his shoes are off, Richie actually groans at the socks Eddie is wearing. A month ago for Christmas, Richie thought it would be funny to get a pair of socks professionally customized with his own cartoony face on them. They were god-awful and tacky as hell and Richie thought it would be funny to see Eddie's reaction to them. Unfortunately, Eddie *loved* them and actually wore them out.

“Babe, please. People are going to think they’re real merch and I’m going to have to sell them.” Richie pleads.

“You spent actual time and money on these dumb-ass things, Richie, I’m gunna wear them. If you told me you were planning a night in, I would’ve worn my sexy cheeseburger socks instead.”

They both share a laugh and Richie leans up to kiss him, which Eddie eagerly leans into. Richie cups Eddie’s jaw, feels how much softer he is, with fuller cheeks that are flushed from the cold. He brushes his thumb over the raised scar, then pulls away to press a gentle kiss to it.

“I love you, Rich,” Eddie sighs. Richie’s stomach blooms with butterflies at the words, even after seven months of hearing them. Richie nuzzles his face into Eddie’s neck, breathing in the scent of him. It still hard to believe this is really happening sometimes. That Eddie is here, after everything that happened.

“Yeah, well, I love you more.” And he does. He wants the world to know how much he loves Eddie friggin’ Kaspbrak, would shout it while on stage during his show, though he knows Eddie would absolutely hate that which is why he doesn’t. He gives one more quick kiss to the corner of Eddie’s mouth before he’s reaching for his hands, “Come on, everything is still hot.”

Spread out across the bar is an assortment of appetizers. Mozzarella sticks, potato skins and chicken wings sit nestled alongside Eddie’s popcorn shrimp with another side of garlic bread, steaming hot and surrounded by their accompanying sauces. In the back are two pizza boxes. They’d only been to the restaurant a handful of times, but Eddie always gets the same thing every time so ordering was easy. Hawaiian for Richie, and all dressed for Eddie. Richie doesn’t miss the way Eddie licks his lips as he takes it in.

“So- uh, get changed. And then you can take what you want. I’ll put on a movie,” Richie stumbles and hurries to the living room. He didn’t think he had anything he was specifically into, but seeing Eddie hungrily stare down a pizza *definitely* did things to him.

Shaun of the Dead is looping on the menu screen when Eddie returns,

now dressed in his usual attire with a full plate, and Richie tags out to pile up a plate of his own. He doesn't feel like making two trips so he throws as much onto it as he possibly can, balancing it in a way that makes Eddie's eyes widen when he sees him re-enter the living room.

With them both comfortable with Richie on the recliner, Eddie on the love seat and the movie playing, Richie finds himself continuously glancing over at Eddie out of the corner of his eye as he devours the popcorn shrimp. Eddie had mentioned that he didn't want to be the sole focus if they did end up trying something out. He wanted to test the waters first, see how comfortable he felt eating in front of Richie with the intent of stuffing himself. Richie reassured he would act completely normal until Eddie instigated the session.

It's very hard to look away, though. Since Eddie is focused on the movie, Richie chances a couple glances. Now that he knows Eddie takes a pleasure in eating, he's looking at him in a new light. The little hums of appreciation as Eddie chews, cheeks adorably puffed out with large bites. The soft sighs after he swallows. Taking his time to stick his greasy fingers in his mouth and suck them clean, to chase any crumbs left behind. *That* one definitely has Richie's attention.

Richie is happy that Eddie can let go like this, to simply enjoy himself. And Eddie is clearly enjoying himself, finishing off his appetizers with a blissed out look on his face.

Eddie moves onto the pizza next, demolishing a few slices before Richie can even finish one. Richie is kinda amazed with how much Eddie can put away.

He'd definitely noticed Eddie's change in appetite even before Eddie had mentioned this whole thing. Back in November at the Loser's thanksgiving dinner, Eddie had eaten so much he had to take a breather and lay down in the guest bedroom with a stomach-ache. Now that's Richie's thinking about it, when he'd joined Eddie in the bedroom, Eddie's hands were practically glued to his middle, rubbing and prodding, cheeks flushed a pretty red as he breathed deeply-

"Can you get me something to drink, Rich?" Eddie finally speaks, and Richie jumps, all but leaping off the couch even before Eddie finishes

his question, nearly sending his half-eaten pizza to the floor before he blindly tosses it where he thinks his plate is.

“Yep! No problem, babe!” Richie pops the p, trying to appear casual and absolutely failing as he skids into the kitchen.

Richie doesn’t want to keep Eddie long, but he takes a moment to gather his bearings, scrubbing a hand through his hair and knocking his glasses askew. He doesn’t know if this is something he’s actually into or if it’s just Eddie enjoying himself that’s making Richie warm in all the right places. Hell, Eddie could make reading off a *calendar* somehow sexy. One thing’s for sure, Richie definitely knows he’s ready for the next step once Eddie gives him the signal.

When Richie returns with a 2litre of Pepsi and a glass, Eddie puts down the slice he’d taken a few big bites out of to take the bottle and unscrew the cap with a satisfying hiss of air. Richie thinks he’s going to ask for the glass, and is thoroughly surprised when Eddie lifts the bottle to his lips and tilts his head back, revealing the very delicious column of his throat as he starts gulping down the pop. Richie’s own throat grows dry at the sight of Eddie’s Adam’s apple bobbing, staring open-mouthed as Eddie pounds back seven full swallows without breaking for air.

On the eighth swallow, Eddie groans around the lip of the bottle and finally pulls off, taking in a deep breath before cupping a hand to his mouth and swallowing the air that bubbles in his throat before it can escape.

“Thanks, Rich,” he sighs, handling the bottle back over for Richie to set back down. Once his hands are free, he rubs at his stomach.

“Do you need anything else?” Richie asks feebly, adjusting his glasses.

Eddie shakes his head no as his hand is back up to cover his mouth to swallow another burp, “I’m good.”

Richie doesn’t think Eddie has much more room left. Half of his pizza is gone and his plate has long since been cleared. He can kinda see the swollen mass beneath Eddie’s polo, which pulls tight when Eddie

takes deep breaths. But he still continues on, picking up the slice he'd been previously eating to stuff into his mouth. Richie watches him in wonder before he ducks his head, remembering he's not supposed to be staring.

He tries to concentrate on his food, he really does, but it's near impossible at this point. Especially after Eddie finishes his pizza and leans back to pop the button on his jeans, splaying the flaps apart to reveal plain, black briefs. Richie really longs to touch the exposed skin, but remains seated where he is.

Richie doesn't think Eddie would want to cover all the bases of their little test-run all in one go. He knows that eating by yourself and having your partner feed you are two different things. Hell, he really is happy to just sit back and observe, content with just seeing Eddie trust him enough to be able to do this in front of him.

"I'm getting full, Richie."

It takes a second for Richie's brain to catch up with what was said- *The signal, he said it!* Richie looks at Eddie with his eyebrows raised, a universal *you're sure?* Eddie nods, a deep flush on his cheeks.

Richie reacts instantly, bailing on a half-full plate to focus on Eddie. He's quick to climb onto the love seat and pat his lap, silently asking for Eddie to sit on his thighs.

Eddie is heavy, but it feels good, weighing him down into the soft cushion. And the feel of his full stomach pressing into Richie's own soft middle as they kiss is something else. Eddie's fingers tangle in Richie's hair, accidentally tugging when Richie playfully bites down on Eddie's bottom lip, which Richie absolutely doesn't object to. Eddie's other hand blindly reaches for Richie's and when he finds it, he directs it to his hip, flattening Richie's hand down. Richie can feel the growing love handles and when he digs his fingers in, Eddie gasps into his mouth.

When they break apart, Richie's voice is rough, "Tell me- tell me about the times you've stuffed yourself, Eds."

Eddie buries his face into Richie's neck, trying to catch his breath,

hands now gripping Richie's shoulders to steady himself.

"Back when I was still in New York, before I moved in with you, they had a box of chocolate frosted donuts in the break room at the firm. And the sign said to only take one. And I took one. And- and I was only going to take one, but it was so *good*, Rich. And it wasn't because they were one of the fancy gourmet ones- they were from like *Dunkin' Donuts* or something- but I hadn't had donuts since *college*. And I took another one and pretended it was my first. And *that* wasn't enough so I took one more when no one was looking. And- and it felt *good*, Richie." Richie imagines Eddie hiding out at his desk sucking chocolate frosting on his fingers and lets out a shaky groan.

Richie lowers his hands from Eddie's sides to his ass, squeezing. "What else?" It's fuller, plenty to squish beneath his fingers. Eddie always did have a great ass, and Richie can't wait to see what that ass looks like in his running shorts. Eddie keeps his face tucked into Richie's neck, as if embarrassed to look him in the eye.

"When you were doing that show in Texas three months ago, I treated myself to dinner."

Richie remembers that. Eddie had just gotten hired at some local insurance firm a week before and didn't want to take any time off. It was the first time since moving in with him that Eddie didn't join him for an out-of-state show, and they promised to call each other every night.

"I went to a buffet," Eddie continues, "I *never* go to buffets, Rich, because you can't fully trust a sneeze guard because they don't cover nearly as much ground as they *should*, but I said fuck it, and *went!*" He laughs, "I think I had like three plates! There was way too much to try everything. You should've seen just how many different kinds of chicken wings there were!"

The thought of Eddie going alone and stuffing himself in front of a group of strangers who could see him doing so makes Richie feel hot with want, wishes that he could've been there to see Eddie enjoying himself, to see his eyes light up with every new bite of food that he tried. Wishes he could've laid a protective hand on Eddie's hip while

in line so that everyone knows that Richie Tozier is the *extremely* lucky boyfriend of Eddie Kaspbrak.

“And I got dessert, too! You know how many desserts a buffet has? I wanted to go for one of each but I was so fucking full at that point. And driving home was a *nightmare* because all I wanted to do was lay down but it’s like some people drive like they’ve never touched a car in their lives!” He takes a deep breath as Richie pats his back, chuckling. “Remember when you called me that night and thought I was in the middle of a panic attack because I was breathing so hard? Well, now you know the actual reason, Richie.”

“And I was worried about you, dickwad.” Eddie laughs into his neck in response. “What else?” Richie asks one more time.

“At thanksgiving, after I ate so much I had to lie down, I really wish you would’ve said something, Rich.” Eddie confesses, his breath hot against Richie’s neck. “Like offhandedly saying you can’t believe how much I can eat. How big I look. Something like that.”

“Noted,” Richie states, filing that away.

“It was Beverly who told me to tell you about this,” Eddie suddenly admits, finally leaning back to look Richie in the eye.

“Wait, *Beverly* knows?” Richie squawks, “You told Beverly before me?”

“I didn’t *mean* to,” Eddie pouts, “She went to check on the oven to make sure it was turned off, and she caught me sneaking another piece of pie and when she asked, I got nervous and just told her everything. We had a talk- swapped some stories- and she told me I should bring it up to you. If it wasn’t for Bev, I never would’ve said anything.”

It’s times like this Richie is glad for their tight-knit group of friends. They were definitely all closer than most, and really could tell each other anything without judgement. And Richie is thanking his lucky stars that Beverly managed to convince Eddie to say something about this because now that Richie has experienced it himself, it’s *definitely* something he’s into.

“Well, I’m glad I know now at least.” Richie rubs his knuckles against Eddie’s cheek.

Eddie eyes him, “So, you’re actually into this, Richie?”

“Fuck yes,” Richie breathes, “I have never been into something more in my *life*.”

“So, can we...?” Eddie trails off and gestures broadly in the direction of the pizza box.

They reposition themselves into something a little easier to work with, both sitting opposite each other on the love seat, turned towards the other. Richie takes Eddie in. The way his hair messily falls across from his forehead, the gel loosened. How his eyelashes frame beautiful, chocolate doe-eyes. Eddie’s lips are quirked into a smile, deepening his dimples.

God, Richie loves him.

Before Richie picks up the pizza, his hand hovers over the box as he gazes at Eddie, “You’re sure?” he asks, just to make sure. Eddie nods quickly.

“I know my limit, Rich, I’ll let you know when I hit it.”

Richie can feel Eddie watching him intently as he picks up a slice, holding it to Eddie’s lips. He trusts Eddie not to overdo it. “Okay. Open up.” Eddie does as such and Richie feeds him a bite, pressing a kiss to Eddie’s jaw as he chews, his other hand falling to Eddie’s middle to rub his belly. Eddie hums as he accepts another bite of pizza, his eyes slipping shut for a moment. When they get down to the crust, Eddie demolishes that too, determined to finish off everything.

After another piece goes down, Eddie reaches for the pop again, wincing when he leans over on a full stomach. This time, he only takes a few quick swallows before he’s pulling away, breathing deeply. He presses a hand to his stomach besides Richie’s. Richie can feel Eddie’s stomach churning beneath his hand and Eddie is quick to cover his mouth again, swallowing another burp down.

"Come on, Eds, let 'em out," Richie says and digs his fingers into Eddie's stomach, trying to prompt more air up. "All that air is gunna bloat you up more, you need to make room." Eddie's stomach burbles again as Richie puts more pressure on it and although he keeps a hand over his mouth, he finally lets out a strained sounding burp, the flush on his cheeks spreading to his ears as he excuses himself. Richie gives his shoulder a pat, "Good one! A bit weak on the delivery but we can work on that." Eddie shakes his head as a small grin takes over his face, hands dropping to his stomach to start rubbing again. A sweat has broken out on his forehead.

There are only two slices left in the box. Richie picks up one and waits for Eddie to nod. It takes Eddie a couple of moments of rubbing his belly, as if testing how much give it has, before nodding. Richie reaches out to trail his thumb against Eddie's bottom lip, coating it in a thin layer of grease, before he leans in to give him a quick kiss.

When he pulls back, he still doesn't feed him the slice. "Are you sure?" he asks, because he doesn't want Eddie to hurt himself. After all, he'd pounded back almost an entire medium pizza and a plate of appetizers. He has to be close to his limit.

"I'm sure," Eddie huffs, and opens his mouth without prompting. Richie continues to feed him, Eddie taking smaller bites now, eyes closed as he concentrates on chewing and swallowing.

"You're almost there, Eds," Richie encourages after half the slice has been consumed, "Just a bit more." Eddie nods in response, though the movement is sluggish.

Richie coaxes the rest of the slice into Eddie's waiting mouth. After Eddie swallows the final bite down, he lets out another burp that he doesn't even attempt to hide, groaning as he's back to rubbing his stomach, which churns angrily as it struggles to digest the amount of food he'd eaten. There's no give when he digs his fingers in and he winces. When Richie begins to rub for him, Eddie leans back into the armrest, raising one of his arms to lethargically drape it over his eyes, the other falling protectively over the crest of his belly.

"I think that's it," he pants, "*Fuck*, I'm full."

Richie continues to rub, “You want to go to the bedroom?” Eddie shakes his head

“I can’t move, dude. Feels like I swallowed a fucking bowling ball.”

“And it looks like you did, too.” Richie says in amazement. “*Fuck*, Eddie, you’re big.”

There’s an audible groan from Eddie, “*Fuck*, Richie, give me another popcorn shrimp. Just one.” Richie does as such, snatching one up from his plate and pressing it to Eddie’s lips. Eddie takes it all in one bite, cheeks puffing out as he chews. After he swallows, he softly moans, moving his hand from the crest of his stomach to the middle, rubbing it in big, circular motions.

“How do you feel?” Richie asks.

“Good,” Eddie’s voice is distant, moments away from falling into a food coma.

“Good,” Richie echoes. He leaves Eddie’s side only for a moment to wet some napkins so that he can use them to wipe Eddie’s face clean of remaining sauce and grease. Eddie hums in gratitude, accepting any quick kisses Richie gives him.

After the napkins are tossed onto the table, Richie picks at the hem of Eddie’s polo, now pulled tight across his stomach. “Can I?”

Eddie gives a sleepy affirmation and Richie pushes up his polo so it’s bunching under his pecs, finally giving him a clear view of Eddie’s stomach. It really is big, packed to the absolute brim with food, heaving as Eddie takes in deep breaths. Richie explores, delicately running his hands along heated skin, careful not to put too much pressure on it. It really is amazing how much Eddie can put away.

After a good half an hour of rubbing, Richie decides to move them to the bedroom, patting Eddie on the cheek to wake him up. He groans as he sits up, Richie helping him to his feet and tucking him close to his side as Eddie cradles his stomach. Richie can hear it gurgling away even from a distance.

It’s slow moving, but eventually the two of them enter the bedroom.

Richie sits Eddie down on the bed and helps him out of his shirt and pants, tossing them in the general proximity of the laundry basket before he rushes back out of the room to grab Eddie's heated blanket from the closet, along with a damp washcloth. He returns in record time just as Eddie is getting comfortable in bed, tugging the blankets up to his chin and looking tired out. Richie plugs the blanket in and straightens it out over top of Eddie, then gently brushes his bangs back so he can take the washcloth and dab at his forehead, wiping the sweat away. There's going to be a nice warm bath waiting for him when he wakes up, complete with the scented candles that Eddie loves.

Eddie blinks up at Richie, gazing at him with all the love in his heart, "Thanks for doing this for me, Richie," he says.

Richie kisses him again, "I'd do anything for you, Eds. Skydiving. Scuba diving. Dinosaur hunting. Hell, *knitting*. Anything to make you happy." He gently places a hand where he think's Eddie's stomach is underneath the two blankets, rubbing in slow, circular motions.

Eddie's eyes are drooping, "Next time, it's going to be all about you. Tell me what you want, okay? Anything you want." Richie nods and gives him a quick kiss on the corner of his mouth.

Eddie falls asleep quickly after that. Richie quickly cleans up the living room, tossing out the garbage and leaving the dishes in the sink for Tomorrow Richie to deal with. The movie has long since been over. Richie turns it off and switches all the lights off.

When he rejoins Eddie in bed, he tucks up close to him, slipping his arm under the blanket and placing a hand on Eddie's stomach, continuing to rub until he, too, falls asleep.

2. Sweet

Notes for the Chapter:

Wow, I really didn't think this would get so much attention, please take this next chapter as a thank you! ☐ This one is so self indulgent and I'm so sorry if there's any mistakes that I missed.. If I look at this chapter any more I'm gunna actually die of embarrassment..

Edit: Okay I went back to fix my mistakes lmao I also added a little extra scene near the end

I also made a tumblr which is imrichietozier.. so like... please talk to me about chubby Eddie and feel free to send me some suggestions for possible one-shots!

The discovery of Eddie's kink didn't change anything much after that, well, besides Richie cracking open a recipe book for the first time in his life.

It wasn't like he didn't help out in the kitchen; he could do the simple stuff like measuring ingredients out, or chopping what needed to be chopped, but that was as far as his cooking expertise reached. The thing was, unfortunately, he wasn't a natural in the kitchen in any sort of the word. As someone who's first instinct was to swing by a convenience store for a day-old hot dog instead of cook the pasta buried deep in the cupboard, Richie had been damn near clueless on where to even begin with anything. Most of his creations ended up burnt and scraped off into the garbage with a good spritz of Febreze to mask the smell as Eddie patted him on the back and congratulated him for trying.

But he was nothing if not determined, and if cooking was out until he got a better hang on it, he'd just have to try something else. Something a touch bit easier to understand, something with a longer lasting, tastier reward.

And that's how Richie discovered that he really enjoyed baking.

In between writing his sets or sitting in on meetings concerning his tour dates, Richie would be bustling around in the kitchen trying out new recipes, warbling out lyrics as his playlist blasted from the surround sound. Richie was all but a tornado, leaving chaos in his wake as he whisked, piped and decorated. He liked to call it organized chaos whenever Eddie would walk in on the mess, though that never stopped him from briskly walking to the back closet to grab a vacuum.

Richie got surprised with an assortment of tacky aprons as late Christmas present. His favourite was definitely a dark grey one with the words *may I suggest the sausage* in big white letters accompanied by a large, cartoony hand pointing downward. Richie had laughed so hard when he saw it he had to take a five-minute breather, wheezing as he was slumped against a still chuckling Eddie.

That was one of his favourite aprons to wear while baking.

The day Richie successfully baked macarons without fucking it up, he flung the whisk to the ground like a football, hollering out a victory cry and splattering dough just about *everywhere*. He'd only realized Eddie had come home early when he heard the shriek of '*Richie, what the fuck, dude, it's on the ceiling!*' echo from the kitchens threshold. Cleaning up hadn't been much fun but it was all worth it in the end when he got to feed Eddie a macaron after supper, followed quickly by Eddie kissing him so hard he'd seen stars.

When Eddie wasn't at work, he liked to watch, seated at the bar with his head pillowed in his arms and gazing fondly as Richie would crack open eggs with a dramatic flourish, flour dusting his clothes and hair like snow. Eddie loved being the taste taster- of anything that wasn't raw, that was Richie's job- happily opening his mouth to try whatever Richie had just whipped up.

Richie definitely foresaw the both of them putting on a good few pounds or more.

Currently, Richie is bent over a baking mold with generic bird motifs, tongue between his teeth and trying his damndest not to damage the chocolates as they're popped out. Eddie is seated at the bar with his chin resting against his palm, eyes shut and looking near asleep, surrounded by seven different serving platters all filled with various types of chocolates and a half-empty bottle of Rosé. Richie can hear from the slight groans of discomfort that Eddie is rubbing his stomach with the hand that's dropped under the counter, his stomach undoubtedly full from trying a couple dozens worth of chocolate alongside three entire meals. Richie had told him he didn't have to keep trying them if he was full, but Eddie insisted, flushed cheeks explaining exactly why.

Ever since Beverly caught wind of Richie's new love for baking, she was quick to announce to the losers' group chat that Richie was now in charge of the desserts for their monthly meet up. Which immediately led Richie to spending the following weekend trying to come up with a delicious range of sweets for the eight of them, as Patty was an honorary loser now, too. He landed on the idea to make a dozen chocolates alongside a dessert tailored specifically to each of his friends, that way they could take them home at the end of the day.

Richie arranges the little bird chocolates onto a small glass plate and admires his handwork. For a first try he thinks he did pretty well. There's a couple that perished coming out of the mold but luckily he'd saved enough that he'd have leftovers.

He smiles as he gathers the plate into his hands and spins away from the counter, presenting Eddie, who's now blinking back awake, with the chocolates, bowing only after the plate is safely placed down onto the bar top alongside the others.

Eddie looks impressed, "Wow, those look amazing, Rich. How many did you fuck up taking out of the mold." Richie snorts, not even able to feign offence.

"Five, thank you very much."

He picks one up, holding it delicately between his thumb and forefinger, "These ones are for Stan- obviously- I saw him say that he

liked dark chocolate exactly once so that's going to be his entire thing from now on. It's got crushed hazelnut in it." He holds the chocolate closer to Eddie. "Last one for tonight. Open."

Eddie, who's long since found out he wasn't actually allergic to hazelnut, thank *God*, because chocolate and hazelnut were fucking good, eagerly opens his mouth, accepting the treat that's placed on his tongue. Richie watches with anticipation as Eddie bites down into the chocolate, chews slowly to savour the taste and then promptly brightens, smacking his lips.

"Oh fuck, that's really good," he says with a full mouth, "You need to make more of those."

Richie beams, swiping a hand across his sweaty forehead and smearing a chunk of chocolate into his eyebrow. He knows he's an absolute hot mess right now, sweat crawling down his back and apron splattered with at least eight types of filling. When he checks his glasses, there's a good dusting of coconut flakes on the lenses from when he was making Bill's chocolates. He gives them a good scrub with his shirt, which does absolutely nothing but make the problem worse.

With a sigh of defeat, Richie heads over to the sink to submerge them in water.

As Richie cleans off his glasses, he hears Eddie take another chocolate from one of the platters. He lets it slide, for the moment at least. After all, he'd made more than enough with the intention of feeding the leftovers to him anyway.

Ever since they'd tried out the stuffing scenario and Eddie asked what he'd like to try, Richie had been doing a bit of research to find some stuff that stood out to him. And stuff certainly stood out to him, just not in that way that made him want to actually try it out on himself. He was more thinking about Eddie, how he would look with his wrists bound above his head as Richie fed him, blindfolded and trusting Richie to take good care of him. That's what Richie really wanted... among other things.

Well, he decides that now is as good a time as ever to bring it up

while the topic at hand was still surrounding them.

Richie jams his glasses onto his face, turning around to see Eddie reaching for a chocolate from Bill's confectionery arrangement. "Eds-babe, I think I finally have an idea of what I'd like us to do- like for me, I mean."

Eddie pops the chocolate into his mouth, followed by a small sip of Rosé to wash it down, "Cool. What do you want?" He wants to appear composed but Richie can see the way he stiffens, fingers tightening on the bottle.

"Well, it involves food," Richie starts, shrugging. "...Maybe a bit of bondage?"

A silence stretches across the table, Eddie staring at him like he's grown another head.

"Y'know, like this." Richie lifts his arms high above his head, crossing one of his wrists over top the another.

Eddie finally reacts, "I know what *bondage* is, Richie!" he hisses, composure lost, nearly spilling alcohol all over the table. He drops his voice, eyebrows pinching together as a deep flush darkens his cheeks, "Who'd be the one tied up?"

"You- you'd be the one tied up, Eds."

"What's going to happen?" Richie can see the noticeable death grip Eddie has on his Rosé, knuckles white.

"I'm going to spend the morning baking brownies. You're going to take one, which is going to lead to me tying you up so you have to rely on me to get your sweets fix." Richie says this in the simplest way he can, casually shrugging it off as if the mere thought of it didn't make him achingly hard.

"*Fuck*, Richie." Eddie breathes, "When did you..."

"It's something I've been like, *actively* thinking about for the past month," Richie confesses, "Eds, you'd look so fucking hot bound up and blindfolded, begging me to feed you-"

Eddie rockets off the bar stool, suppressing a wince as the contents in his stomach is jostled around. He rounds the bar and roughly collides into Richie, tangling his fingers possessively in his hair and yanking him down into a frantic kiss, groaning into his mouth. Richie can taste the chocolate on Eddie's tongue, warmth blooming through his belly.

When they pull apart, a crooked grin pulls at Richie's lips, "So is that a yes."

"Tomorrow, when I'm not about to burst," Eddie pants. He eyes the mess covering Richie's *I cook as good as I look* apron. "Right now, we're going to clean up, have a shower and then I'm going to show you just how much of a yes it *really* is."

Richie wakes up around seven the next morning, slips easily out of bed without disturbing Eddie, tiptoes out of the room and closes the door as quietly as he can with squeaky hinges. On Sundays, Eddie wouldn't be fully awake until ten, so Richie had a lot of time to work with.

He spends the next couple hours bustling around the kitchen, arranging the chocolate platter for the meet-up, finalizes his dessert list for a third time before slapping it back onto the fridge with a magnet, whips up a quick ganache for some strawberries and finally starts working on a fresh batch of brownies.

Around nine, Richie can hear Eddie start audibly moving about the bedroom. Judging by clanging of bottles, he's going through his morning routine in the en-suite, which gives Richie at least a half an hour to get into the zone, fully prepared to enter the scene once Eddie left the bedroom. He takes to leaning against the bar opposite of where the brownies sit, now divided up into sixteen, even pieces, crossing his arms.

When ten 'o clock arrives, on the dot, Eddie appears in the kitchen, hair freshly styled and clean shaven, now dressed in an outfit reminiscent of the one he'd worn all those months ago when they'd met back up in Derry. A beige polo peeks out from under a zipped-

up, forest green jacket, tucked into a pair of black trousers. He looks more ready for a night on the town instead of day in, a complete contrast compared to Richie's sweatpants and ratty tour t-shirt.

Judging by the decided look on Eddie's face, Richie was right in thinking that he wanted to start sooner than later, zoning in on the brownies that sit under the kitchen's pot lights like they're an important item in an RPG. He doesn't even give Richie a passing glance, forgoing the silverware set out for him so he can use his hand to serve himself. Richie watches on; he knows that Eddie is going to want to take a second piece, and that's when he'll step in.

Eddie demolishes the brownie in two big bites, groaning as he tilts his head back so Richie can watch him swallow. Richie feels a rush of pride watching Eddie eat up his creations, accompanied by the hot trickle of arousal of seeing him enjoying it, savouring every mouthful like it's the greatest thing he's ever eaten. Because like, it's fucking *hot*, man. Seeing Eddie lose himself to good food hits Richie in just the right spot.

Eddie makes to take another and that's when Richie pushes off the counter like a coiled spring. He crowds behind Eddie, pressing him into the counter and catching his wrist before he can lift the treat to his mouth, his other hand laying claim to the hollow at the base of Eddie's throat, feeling it shudder as he swallows. Richie can feel the anticipation rolling off of him in waves.

It's times like this where Richie remembers just how much bigger he is than Eddie.

The hand holding his wrist travels slightly upward as Richie plucks the brownie from Eddie's fingers. "Do you always take without asking?" he asks, voice lowered.

Eddie doesn't respond, though his breath becomes a bit heavier. Richie is sure that Eddie can feel his arousal.

"Open."

Eddie does as such and Richie feeds him a bite, groaning around the gooey mouthful. Richie had long since perfected his recipe. His

brownies are dense and rich with the consistency of fudge, addicting in the way that you can never just have one and extremely filling. He's sure he's added at least a couple pounds to his own waistline from his brownies alone.

"You want more?" Richie asks and Eddie nods breathlessly, opening his mouth wide for another bite. Richie hums, then tsks, holding the brownie further away out of Eddie's line of sight and leaning in closer to whisper in his ear, "You should've asked me before greedily helping yourself. If you want more, you're going to have to beg me to feed you. Are we clear?"

Eddie remains silent, though a small groan tumbles from his still-parted lips.

"I said, are we *clear*, Eddie?" Richie repeats and moves the hand resting on the hollow of Eddie's throat up to his jaw, squishing down on his cheeks. He doesn't want to be too rough, but he wants it to get across that he's the one in charge right now.

Eddie swallows hard, "Fuck- *clear*," he grunts, "Will you *please* fucking feed me, Richie." Richie can't see his face, but he knows exactly what expression Eddie is wearing on his face, eyebrows narrowed and just about baring his teeth; Eddie wasn't one to take a fully submissive role, no matter what Richie said. He was a spitfire, and if he was impatient, he wouldn't hesitate to let Richie know. Likewise, there's no way Richie could keep up with a dominant role.

Richie relents, letting go of Eddie's jaw to pat him on the cheek, "Good." He raises the brownie back up to Eddie's lips, and he eagerly eats up what's left.

When Richie makes to pull away, however, Eddie snatches his wrist the way Richie had done to him earlier, firmly guiding it back to its previous position and holding it there. Before Richie can fully register what's going on, Eddie is taking Richie's fingers into his mouth.

Richie's brain sizzles as he focuses. Eddie's mouth is warm and wet and he sucks off the chocolate from each of his fingers achingly slow, In, then out, then in again. *He's teasing*, Richie brain unhelpfully supplies.

“Oh, *fuck*, man.” Its Richie’s turn to moan, deciding that they need to be in the bedroom, like, *right fucking now*, dizzy as his blood rushes south.

As soon as Eddie releases his fingers from his mouth with a wet pop, Richie all but yanks him into the bedroom, immediately taking note of their good comforter being stripped from the bed and folded on top of the dresser, replaced by two of the older sheets, something they wouldn’t mind getting dirty.

Richie sits Eddie down onto the bed, then tugs his shirt down lower over the visible tent in his sweatpants, “So, we’re going to go through the spotlight method, alright, Eddie? Respond with the right answer. Green.”

“Go.”

“Good. Yellow.”

“Wait.”

“Red.”

“Stop.”

“Perfect,” Richie says, “Your colour?”

“Green,” Eddie breathes, and Richie breaks character to press a gentle kiss to Eddie’s temple before he kneels beside the bed to pull out the discreet box he’d stashed away. Eddie watching him wordlessly as Richie pops back up and opens up the box.

Inside is a brand-new pair of black leather handcuffs, the inside lined with a soft fur. Richie absolutely didn’t want to hurt him during the scene, and they looked like a safe purchase. Once the handcuffs are placed onto the bed beside Eddie’s thigh Richie digs around in their bedside drawer for a blindfold. Before, it’d been more for taste testing so Eddie could focus on what was in his mouth without any other distractions, but *that* quickly fell through because, as it turned out, Eddie really fucking liked being blindfolded while he ate.

“Scoot back,” Richie says and climbs onto the bed, helping Eddie get

comfortable against the headboard, placing a pillow behind his back so it isn't stiff against the wood. Eddie holds out his wrists so that Richie can attach the handcuffs, pulling them tight, but not tight enough to cause any damage. He then gingerly ties the blindfold around Eddie's head, "That good, Eds?"

Eddie's voice comes out soft, "It's good, Rich."

"Good. I'm going to anchor you to the headboard, is that okay?" Eddie nods and lifts his arms up above his head. Their modern-looking headboard is a pretty accommodating object to be tied to, an extra thick plank spaced away from the larger board and connected by three spindles. Richie gets in close to feed a short rope around the middle spindle and between the chain of Eddie's handcuffs, double knotting them so they wouldn't come undone if Eddie pulled too hard.

For a moment, Richie takes in how Eddie looks bound and blindfolded and takes a moment to palm himself through his sweatpants to keep himself at bay.

Richie quickly leaves the room to gather the trays holding his earlier preparations, one balanced precariously on each hand, before darting back to grab the brownie tin and a half-empty tub of ice cream, and then leaves the room *again* to grab the eggnog, setting them down noisily against the wood of the bedside table alongside the others. Eddie stares in the general direction of the treats, eyebrows just about raised into his hairline.

"What the fuck did you *get*, Richie?" he says, finally breaking character, "You set down like, *five* things, dude."

Richie places the brownie tin and the ice cream within arms reach and climbs back onto the bed, settling in between Eddie's spread thighs without saying a word. He pats Eddie's cheek in a way to make Eddie snap his mouth shut with an audible click.

"Now, I'm going to feed you the brownies I lovingly made for you," Richie explains, voice back to a commanding tone as he plucks one of the brownies from the tin, "And you're going to eat every single one of them. Open up."

Eddie opens his mouth obediently and Richie feeds him a bite, biting off almost more than he can chew when Richie just about pushes the entire thing in his mouth. As Eddie chews, Richie pops off the lid of the ice cream, which has long since melted into something a little easier to work with. The second Eddie swallows what's in his mouth, Richie already has a heaping spoonful of vanilla held to his lips. The rest of the brownie is pushed into his mouth even before he's swallowed everything, and Eddie groans at the pace, a bit of ice cream escaping his mouth and dribbling down his chin, landing onto the lapel of his jacket.

Three more brownies go down as they figure out a rhythm.

"They taste good, don't they, Eds." Richie says when the fourth is swallowed down, "I knew you wouldn't be able to resist them. You love stuffing yourself with unhealthy food, don't you? It's freeing, isn't it, man? Letting yourself go like this." A groan pulls itself out of Eddie's throat and he pulls at the binds, the metal of the chain clicking noisily against the wood. Richie takes a moment to place a hand on Eddie's side, digging his fingers in and trying to squeeze the love handle hidden beneath the thick material of his jacket. He can feel Eddie's stomach starting to fill out, but it's no where near full.

"Yeah, I do," Eddie pants, "I really fucking do, Rich. I should've done this fucking *years* ago."

Richie's brain helpfully provides a *very* clear image of what that would look like. Eddie, around a hundred pounds heavier, waddling into the Jade of the Orient with a left hand (that's bare of any rings) steadied on his stomach, that cute, baby blue polo stretched so tightly over his middle that Richie can see the hollow of his belly button through the thin material-

Welp, Richie now has a full-fledged boner, feeling as though all the air has been sucked out of his lungs.

He swallows thickly and gives his head a good shake, focusing hard on scooping more ice cream out and trying to keep his voice steady when he tells Eddie to open up.

For the eighth brownie, Richie sprays a generous dollop of whipped

cream onto it, immediately getting his fingers all sticky in his eagerness to layer as much cream on top as he possibly can. After the brownie goes down, Richie nudges Eddie's bottom lip with his index finger, groaning outwardly when Eddie takes it into his mouth. And it's so much better when he can see Eddie's face, or at least, part of it, cheeks hollowing as he sucks the cream from Richie's trembling fingers.

He decides to grab the jug of eggnog from the bedside table, giving it a good shake before he twists the cap off.

Richie lifts the eggnog to Eddie's mouth, tilting it back so that a slow stream flows from the rim, not wanting to overwhelm Eddie with a lot of liquid all at once. Eddie gets a few big swallows in before Richie is pulling it away to let him take a breather.

"Bit more," Eddie says, "Still thirsty."

This time, Richie tilts the jug a bit higher, letting the liquid come out faster. As Eddie drinks, Richie lays a hand flat on his stomach, wanting to feel it expand beneath his fingers as Eddie gulps down big mouthfuls. Unfortunately, because of the damn jacket Eddie is wearing, he can't feel anything. Though he can see that it's getting tight, the crease in the front slowly smoothing out the more Eddie fills up on treats.

When the lid is screwed back on and the jug placed back on the table, Richie plucks at the zipper, "Why the fuck did you wear this?"

"You can unzip it," Eddie groans, avoiding the question, "It's getting tight."

Richie unzips the jacket painfully slow out of spite, slow enough for Eddie to growl at him to hurry it up.

"Bossy, bossy," Richie sighs, but fully unzips the jacket anyway. Now that it's unzipped, Richie can see just how distended Eddie's stomach has gotten. He slips a hand underneath the jacket to rub a hand down Eddie's side, squishing and prodding with his fingers to feel just how much chubbier Eddie's gotten. He can actually pinch a good handful of fat now. Then, gauging Eddie's reaction, he then gives his stomach

a hard smack, watching it wobble from the force. Eddie jolts from the initial impact, but relaxes with a moan, tugging uselessly at his binds again, desperate to touch himself.

“Ice cream,” Eddie pants.

Richie peeks into the tub, “There isn’t much left. You wanna drink it?” And then doesn’t want for answer as he lifts the tub up to Eddie’s mouth. Eddie drinks the rest of the creamy vanilla down in three large gulps, then hiccups. Richie tosses the now-empty tub to the floor.

“You getting full?” Richie asks. Eddie nods as he breathes heavily. “There’s still eight more brownies left.”

“I can take it.”

Richie feeds him two more brownies before Eddie’s eyebrows pinch together as he arches his back with a heavy grunt and pulls at his restraints, hands tightened into fists.

“You okay?”

“It’s a- Fuck,” Eddie winces and arches his back again, inhaling deeply through his nose and shakily letting it back out, “It’s a cramp.” He tries to readjust his position but doesn’t have much luck in doing so, only able to scoot forward a couple of inches before he has to stop due to his wrists being so closely bound to the headboard. He lets out another grunt as he tries to hunch forward, clenching his teeth. “Richie, massage my stomach-” he winces again, “*Fuck-Please.*”

“Where?” Richie places both hands on the curve of his stomach.

Eddie makes to move like he’s going to point it out and remembers that he can’t. He arches his back again so that it pushes his stomach more firmly against Richie’s large palms. “Right around the center, under my belly button. *Fuck*, dude.” Another groan weakly tumbles from his lips as another ache jolts through him.

Richie attentively rubs Eddie’s stomach, alternating between sweeping motions of calming circles or digging his fingers in as he

massages, trying to get to the root of the pain. Eddie pants, breathing heavily as he directs Richie where to rub and how hard to do it, moaning when Richie hits a sensitive spot, praises tumbling from his lips when he massages another ache away.

They keep that rhythm until the pains fade and Eddie feels better enough that they can pick back up.

Three more dense brownies are swallowed down and Eddie is panting like he ran a marathon, sweat now visibly beading at his temples. When Richie presses another brownie to Eddie's lips, Eddie jerks his head away, grunting.

"Richie, I'm gunna bust out of my pants, you gotta unbutton them first." Richie's hands travel to Eddie's hips, thumbs hooking on empty belt loops. Eddie's polo has been steadily rolling up the bigger his stomach expanded, so he can clearly see that his pants button is holding on for dear life, creaking in warning as Eddie breathes deeply.

"Say please," he says, just to be an asshole.

"For fuck sake, Richie, *please!*" Eddie gasps.

"There we go," Richie says and pushes the button back through the hole with a *lot* of difficulty. The waistband immediately bursts open as it's no longer confined to the button forcing it closed, allowing Eddie's stomach to greedily fill up the space and force his zipper down. And fuck, he looks massive, belly on display for everyone to see, endearingly framed by the open panels of his coat. He can see just how hard Eddie is.

"*Fuck,*" Richie groans, and surges forward to capture Eddie's face between his hands, pulling him into a desperate kiss. The mix of flavours is overwhelming.

When they part Richie hurriedly grabs another brownie from the tin, revelling in the fact that it's almost empty. When he holds it to Eddie's lips there's a few moments of hesitation, but he ends up taking a huge bite.

"There isn't many left. You're almost there, babe." Richie encourages.

"I'm gunna fucking burst, Rich," Eddie moans around the mouthful.

"Colour?" Richie tries, just to make sure.

Eddie swallows and moans again, hiccuping, "Green."

Richie reaches for the eggnog. Eddie tips his head back as the rush of liquid pours into his mouth.

"There we go, Eds, you're doing great." Richie says, flicking his eyes downwards to Eddie's stomach. He feels his throat grow dry at the realization that he can see Eddie's stomach visibly expanding as he gulps down the liquid, stomach heaving as he breathes through his nose. Richie really wants to touch, to feel it swell underneath his fingers. Looking back up at Eddie he sees his eyebrows starting to pinch together. He continues to drink, knowing that if he stopped, or jerked his head away, he would end up spilling eggnog all over himself and the sheets.

"Couple more swallows," Richie prompts when Eddie moans around the lip of the jug. "Just a couple more."

Around the eleventh swallow Eddie moans again, eggnog spilling down his chin. He jerks in his restraints and Richie can tell even with the blindfold covering his eyes that Eddie has his eyes screwed tightly shut. The sounds he makes as he swallows just about has Richie leaking in his boxers.

Richie finally pulls the jug away and Eddie catches his breath, mouth dropped open as he takes in deep breaths. Richie cups Eddie's jaw and wipes up the liquid dripping down his chin with his thumb. Eddie's stomach gurgles loudly and he lets out a strained belch, ducking his head.

"I'm-" Eddie cuts himself off as another burp bubbles in his throat, "Fuck, I'm full. I'm so fucking full, Richie."

"Two more brownies," Richie tells him and Eddie groans. He doesn't say the safe word, though, so Richie continues.

The final two brownies disappear in record time as Eddie swallows them down. Richie congratulates him by pulling him into a kiss. He rubs his stomach as Eddie swallows another burp, breathing heavily. He still can't get over just how big Eddie gets when he overindulges, his belly protruding from his torso like he'd swallowed a watermelon whole. "Fuck, Eddie, that was meant for sixteen people and you fucking ate all of them, man." He gives it a firm pat. "Sixteen brownies all in here."

"I fucking know," Eddie grunts, "Feels like a goddamn boulder's sitting in my stomach." Richie slaps his stomach, forcing another belch up that ends on a moan.

Richie goes back to rubbing, "You okay?"

"Yeah, I'm good. Fucking amazing."

"Good. I'm gunna untie you now, Eds. Get that blood flowing again."

As soon as Eddie is freed from the handcuffs, he rolls his shoulders before collapsing back against the headboard. "I'm gunna be sore for a fucking week."

"Would you do it again, though?" Richie asks as he unties the blindfold. The fabric knot comes undone and Richie lifts it from Eddie's head, tossing it somewhere behind him. Eddie blinks up at him, eyes readjusting to the light, before breaking out into a soft grin, those gorgeous doe-eyes looking at him like he'd hung the stars himself.

"Course, Rich." He then finally looks down at himself, a shaky groan falling from his lips as he cradles his stomach with both hands, "Fuck, I'm huge."

Richie places one of his hands on top of Eddie's, "Mmm, hell yeah you are. Can't believe how big you can get. How you can cram all that food into your stomach and always want more."

Eddie moans and one of his hands travel lower, jamming into his briefs. "Keep talking," he pants.

"Just think about how big you're going to get if you keep eating like

this, Eds.” Richie presses down hard into Eddie’s stomach, squishing and squeezing, though there isn’t much to grab now that Eddie is so bloated, drum-tight and aching. “You’re gunna get *fat*.” He slaps a hand down, hard, right where Eddie’s belly button is, and Eddie moans loudly, collapsing back against the headboard and coming onto his hand. And the sight of *that* nearly knocks Richie out cold.

After Eddie recovers from his orgasm, hands wiped down with a wet wipe from the bedside table, he motions to the other items that are placed on top of it.

“There’s still more shit? How much do you think I can actually eat?”

“Oh, yeah. Right, it was just some in case stuff. I can put it back in the fridge for another time.”

“Fuck no, we’re doing this now.”

“Now? Like *right* now?”

“Yep. Hand me that.” Eddie points towards the tray holding the strawberries and chocolate, just out of reach.

“What happened to being full?”

“I *am* full. Just- wait a second.”

When Richie settles back in between Eddie’s thighs with the tray in hand, Eddie dips a strawberry into the ganache to give it a quick stir back to its original consistency, coating it in a thick blanket of chocolate. To Richie’s surprise, Eddie holds it out towards him.

“Open up, Rich.” Well, that’s new, but Richie is certainly not complaining.

Richie bites into it, and Eddie lets out a shuddering breath.

“Shirt off,” he orders and honestly, Richie has never removed a shirt so quickly in his life, whipping it to the floor like it was made of lava.

Eddie quickly dips another strawberry in chocolate, but this time, he proceeds to use it as a makeshift brush, painting chocolaty X’s and

O's all over Richie's torso. When the chocolate runs thin on the strawberry, he holds it up to Richie's mouth to take a bite out of, tossing the stem after he's finished and plucking another strawberry from the bowl to do it all over again. Richie holds very still while Eddie works, feeling his dick twitch when Eddie brushes over a partially sensitive area.

Soon, Richie's entire upper body is covered in chocolate, and Eddie stares at him hungrily.

"The last person who looked at me like that got laid," Richie says, just to fill in the silence. Eddie rolls his eyes, and presses in closer, latching onto Richie's shoulder with his teeth, right over top a messy X. *That* shuts Richie right up. As Eddie licks and sucks until it bruises, Richie lays a heavy hand on the back of Eddie's neck, scrapping his nails into his scalp. When he bites down, Richie moans, and bucks his hips.

"Fuck, Eddie, you have no idea-" Richie hisses as Eddie starts teasing one of Richie's nipples with his teeth, "No *fucking* idea what you do to me."

Eddie gives every single marking the same treatment until Richie is covered in striking, purpling marks, sharply contrasted against his pale skin.

"What do you want now?" Eddie asks. His tongue sweeps out over his lips, catching the chocolate that's smeared across them.

"Fuck, touch me," Richie moans, "*Please*, Eddie."

Eddie hums and wordlessly trails a hand up Richie's thigh, and Richie bucks again, desperate for contact. When Eddie slips his hand into Richie's pants, he barely has to do any work before Richie is already spilling into his hand, seeing stars. When Eddie pulls his hand out of his pants, Richie completely rag dolls to the bed, spent.

He doesn't know if it's because he woke up early, or if his orgasm took *that* much out of him, but Richie passes out right after.

About ten minutes later when he slowly blinks back awake, Eddie is

suddenly in the bathroom, stripped of his upper layers. From the bed Richie had a clear view of him, taking in the stretchmarks that adorn Eddie's smooth skin. Eddie has a roll of measuring tape tightened around his middle, which he carefully slips off without taking his fingers off his resulting number.

"Come back," Richie whines, and Eddie jolts at being caught. Richie sees the growing flush on his cheeks as he rolls the measuring tape back up and returns it to the drawer.

When Eddie nears the side of the bed, Richie makes grabby hands towards him, pressing a sloppy kiss to the corner of his mouth when Eddie leans down.

"Eddie my love, I love you so," he sings softly.

Eddie ducks his head, a rosy tint on his cheeks.

"Love you too, Rich."

"How big are you?" Richie asks.

Eddie rubs his stomach and gives it a firm pat, "47 inches."

"That's your biggest so far."

"Mm," Eddie hums, giving his stomach another pat.

"We have a dinner date at four with Stan and Patty, by the way," Richie suddenly throws out.

Eddie's eyes widen comically, feeling as if cold water was splashed down his back. "*What?!* That's only like, *four* hours away, Richie what the *fuck!* Why would you just mention this now!" The serene atmosphere is broken as Eddie storms towards his dresser, yanking open a drawer, "Why do they always message you about dinner dates, you never say *anything* until the last fucking minute!" He pulls out a shirt, spinning to face Richie, "Look how bloated I am, dude! None of my shit will *fit!*"

Richie shoots him with a mischievous grin, "And that's a problem how?"

He's promptly smacked in the face with a shirt.

"Fuck you, dude!"

Notes for the Chapter:

I tried adding in smut but I'm super sex repulsed and gave up I'm sorry lmao

Anyway once more you can find me at imrichietozier on tumblr! throw some ideas my way!